Northern Messenger

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W M Pozer Jun 31 07

Onward Christian Soldiers.

In an interesting interview reported in the 'Methodist Recorder,' Mr. Baring-Gould was asked, 'What was the origin of your great hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers?"' 'I'll tell you that,' he replied. 'When I was curate I had charge of a mission at Horbury, one mile from Wakefield, and one Whitsuntide my vicar wanted me to bring all the Sunday school children up to the mother church for a great festival. "Well," I thought, "there's that mile to tramp; what shall I do with them on the way? All of a sudden it struck me, "I'll write them a hymn." And I did. It was all done in about ten minutes. I set it to one of Haydn's tunes, and the children sang it on the way to church. I thought no more about it, and expected the hymn would be no more heard of.'

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

Enter Into Thy Closet.

(The Rev. S. W. Pratt, in the 'Illustrated Christian Weekly.')

This takes for granted prayer and a habit of prayer and a time and place for prayer. The closet is the praying-place.

It is a fact of unspeakable importance that a man may pray to God. The Bible teaches the duty and privilege of public and social and also of secret prayer. In all these ways a man may commune with God. He will hear and help; and at times no one else can help. Secret prayer is important to any true Christian living and growth in grace. The hour of devotion, or 'the still hour,' should be a 'sweet hour of prayer.' This involves a time and place set apart for it.

Such a habit must meet the tests of practicability and profit. It must pay to justify itself. We are God's creatures, dependent, needy, having bodies keenly susceptible to want and suffering, liable to accident and disease and death, with a future all uncertain. Our possessions may be taken away, our plans thwarted, our friends removed, while disappointment and trouble and temptation and evil come upon us, and we fall into sin or are afflicted. We have desires unsatisfied, questions unanswered, responsibilities which weigh heavily, sins unforgiven, and are not at rest. The shadow of death often crosses our path, and we are not ready to meet its issues. We have great needs every day, sore trials, troubled fears, and besetting sins. 'Teach, help, save!' must be our daily cry—pardon, wisdom, strength, our daily needs. Compassed about with infirmity and ignorance and sin, we need all the time a mighty, wise, and merciful Friend, who loves us and who cannot die, to whom we can go for counsel and help. And such a one is God, who is a hearer of prayer. He is man's greatest need, and to him all flesh must come. If he has Him he has all good. If we are wise we will go to him daily for daily bread of all kinds, for forgiveness, and for strength against temptation, and the Evil One. Daily have we great occasion to give thanks for blessings without number. Nothing as a habit of communion with God, as a correspondence with heaven, will be so helpful in all parts of life.

An hour of prayer becomes the greatest privilege. We see God, we talk with him, we commune with the truth itself. Here all things are seen in the light of God. We have all in Jesus' name, and he is seen as all and in all. We have joy in the Holy Ghost. Our souls are ravished with God in Jesus Christ as we commune in the Holy Ghost. Then we can plead for ourselves and others, if we do not forget ourselves in our desire for the glory of Christ. And we go from our closets as from the mount of transfiguration, our faces shining. We are clad in secret armor for the conflicts of the world, strengthened for its labors with a divine undergirding.

Nothing but such communion meets our spiritual wants; such prayer is not only a privilege but a joy, than which our highest susceptibility knows no greater. Nothing will so clear the intellect and reveal the truth and guide the judgment. Here only can we gain strength to master appetite and passion and easily besetting sin, and to put away every tempter. Communing with the Holy Spirit, we shall not easily be enticed by man and the world. And we can do all things better and easier after such prayer.

We cannot too much magnify the importance of the hour of secret devotion. It was doubtless at such a time that Paul was caught up into the third heaven. After such communion Jonathan Edwards hardly knew whether he was in the body or out of the body, and this accounts for his almost superhuman views of God's glory and kingdom.

Our Christian life and work will be very much according to our habit of prayer. The prayerless man must be largely a godless man. Spirituality will be in proportion to communion with God. Beholding his face we are changed into the same image. This is the very best means of spiritual culture.

And there is also great power in such prayer. God hears when his children pray and because they pray. Prayer prepares them to receive his gifts, and to use them, helps them to bear the cross and to endure affliction. They endure as seeing him who is invisible. Their prayers avail. Satan is afraid of such Christians and the world feels the power of their unseen friendship with God.

If we know one's habit of devotion, we can predict very nearly his Christian life and character. If he daily enters into his closet his secret communion shall be openly rewarded.

FAMINE FUND CLOSED.

Money Already in will be Acknowledged, but no further amounts will be received.

It will be a source of gratification to all our readers that we have been able to do so much for those suffering in China. Those whose lives we have saved have a claim on us we will hardly forget, for how can we save their lives and then leave them in darkness and ignorance of all that makes life worth living to us.

Although the famine fund is closed, we can all through our several denominations, contribute towards the carrying of the Gospel of Peace and Good-Will into this great land, which inside a few years may be the greatest power in the world.

Previously acknowledged $6,959.75
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Miss Annie McLeod			1.50
From a Friend			5.00
Hope W. Langille, River John, N.S.			1.00
'In His Name,' Clinton			1.50
E. F., a Friend, Burford			1.00
A Friend in Toronto, per E.L.J.			1.00
The Young People of Hillhurst, Que., per the Rev. H. P. S. Luttrell			10.00
Collection at the Sunday service at Lac des Iles, per D. A. Budge			18.43
Total			$3,072.58

A Little Child's Prayer.

Gentle Jesus, look upon my face. Forgive my sins. Give me grace that Thy nature may grow in me. Help me to love Thee. Give me the Holy Spirit. Keep me to-day. Suffer me to come to Thee!

Amen.

We might perhaps not understand this prayer, if we heard the little Tamil children repeating it, but in our English version of it we may join them, praying together to their Father, who is ours also, and who understands us all. The story of the prayer Miss Dunhill tells us as follows:—

Dear Editor,—Let me try to draw a picture. Scene:—A Sabbath School near a temple. The International Golden Text is being repeated; some children have Christian names, some are called after Hindu gods and goddesses, and on their little faces are glaring caste marks in yellow and white, etc. All love to hear of the Child Jesus, and of the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin. A few testify to believing in their hearts.

An American doctor is speaking to them through an interpreter. He asks them now to repeat a prayer, other than the Lord's Prayer. The Secretary, whose wife—Pearl-of-Bliss,—has fled as a girl from a Zenena such as some of these Sunday scholars live in, that she might be free to serve Christ, begins to think much on their need to know such a prayer. He says, 'It worked on my brain that night. I had no sleep nor rest. The Holy Spirit pressed upon me. He gave me this little prayer. I wrote it out at once, and next day taught it to 100 Hindu girls, who used it three times a day. Soon, 300 knew it. I printed it on colored cards, sending it among thousands. One little girl refused to pray to the idol in the temple her father took her to. He forbid her attending the Mission School on this account. She prayed this prayer, and his heart was moved to send her back to school.'

We do not say a printed prayer is needed everywhere, but at this particular time the Lord is using this one among some of the Tamil children of India, and we praise Him. He is also using English literature among old and young. The 'Northern Messenger' is a means of grace. Lately we gave a packet of this paper to a missionary, who went to the Market place, and preaching 'Christ,' used one of the articles he found inside (on a familiar subject) as his text. He then distributed the copies. The Lord recompense the proprietor of this journal and his staff! The Lord recompense the workers for the Postal Crusade, which has been the channel of much good! There are increasing demands for literature. Above all, in this season of Pentecost in this land of the East, we need the prayers of the people of God.

Yours gratefully in Him.

(Miss) HELEN E. DUNHILL.

19 Cubbon Road, Bangalore, India.
2—1—07.

Now Here.

An infidel was one day troubled in his mind as he sat in his room alone while his little Nellie was away at Sunday school. He had often said, 'There is no God,' but could not satisfy himself with his skepticism, and at this time he felt especially troubled as thoughts of the Sunday school and of the wonderful works of creation would push their way into his mind. To quiet these troublesome thoughts he took some large cards and printed on each of them, 'God is nowhere,' and hung them up in his study. Nellie soon came home and began to talk about God; but her father pointed her to one of the cards, and said, 'Can you spell that?' She climbed a chair and began eagerly to spell it out: 'G-o-d—God, i-s, is, n-o-w, h-e-r-e, here; God is now here. Isn't that right, papa? I know it is right—God is now here.' The man's heart was touched, and his infidelity banished by the faith of Nellie, and again the prophecy was fulfilled, 'A little child shall lead them.'—Exchange.

Lead Us Not Into Temptation.

The word 'temptation' occurs in the Bible with two different meanings; in some instances it means simply 'trial,' the purpose in view being a good one (as in the sentence, 'God did tempt Abraham'); in others it denotes 'enticement,' the purpose being evil. When, therefore, we pray 'Lead us not into temptation,' what do we mean? In the first case, taking temptation in the sense of trial or testing, we must remember that such trial may seem to the All-Wise Father to be necessary for our welfare; and so we must pray the prayer in the light of what has gone before, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' And in the second case, when we mean by temptation all enticement to do evil and ensnarement in the toils of the wicked one, we know that God would never lead us to do this. It is not a prayer to Our Father not to do that which He never would do, and which is, indeed, diametrically opposed to His very nature; it is rather a prayer to Him to strengthen our wills, and help us to fight successfully all the forces of darkness that are attacking us. By this petition we mean that we have no will to go into temptation, unless it be God's will to try us for some ultimate good. If, then, while offering this prayer we are secretly dallying with a temptation; if, as we pray it, we know that deep down in our heart we have made up our mind to indulge in the temptation from which we are praying in words to be delivered; if the repeating of the words is only to embolden us in the pursuit of some wrong thing on which our heart is set, and to make us feel that the sin we are about to indulge in cannot be wrong because we have asked deliverance from every snare; then we are trifling with the God of Truth, and our prayer is the prayer of profanity and hypocrisy.—'S. S. Times.'

On His Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve there with my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

—John Milton.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

(CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.)

Poor Walter! He keeps starting up out of long spells of silence, and forces himself to be gay. He sings short staves of a wedding song, fills his vision with the fair features of his bride, his own, his beloved one, and enfolds her to his heart. Then suddenly his face turns white and his soul is sick within him. Conscience flings him on the rack, his manhood turns round upon him and whispers, 'Coward!'

Then his thoughts fly for ease and refuge to his father-in-law, the soul of Christian honor, the knight without reproach, and hungrily looks for all the advantages that must come of being his son, his comrade, his confidant, and friend. Yet he is chagrined, vexed, worried to find how little all that comes to as a set-off against the damning fact that he has broken a life-long pledge, has dishonored himself, has shamed the few and faithful Abdiels, temperance Abdiels, who held their own against the contempt and laughter of the crowd, and has grieved the Christ who had received his vow.

No wonder that Jennie Bardsley, left behind in Netherborough, thinks of her brother, her bridegroom brother, with sorrow and distress; that she feels sick at heart for Walter's sake, wears cheeks that are ghost-like at a wedding-feast, and steals away in the moonlight to kneel by the grave of her slaughtered lover, the handsome Reuben Stanford. 'O, Walter, Walter,' she groaned, 'would God you had never been born!'

But it may be asked, why did not Walter Bardsley hasten to set himself right at once? As soon as the iron of remorse and the goad of conviction had entered his soul, why did he not retrace his steps and take his pledge anew? Ay, why indeed?

The questioner shows but little knowledge of the forces that were arrayed against any such a line of action. How could he so soon discount the 'for my sake' that came from the loving lips of his trustful wife? What could he say to his estimable father-in-law, who had publicly congratulated him on joining the noble ranks of those whose 'real temperance' did not need the crutches of a pledge to keep it up? What could he say to the church with whom he worshipped, who never had any sympathy with his 'teetotal fad,' and who would congratulate him on being a 'better fellow than ever?'

No, no, no, from the beginning until now it has been far easier to break than to reunite again; and Walter Bardsley was content to nurse the 'good intention' to be an abstainer again 'sometime'—that treacherous and delusive no time which toils from the belfry of Nevermore!

Walter Bardsley had been laid flat on his back in a sudden scuffle with Apollyon, and his sword had flown out of his hand. Will he ever grasp the hilt again? Will he ever more stand upright upon his feet? Of one thing you may be sure: that the Christian church with which he is allied, 'not being in favor of extremes,' will not hasten to lend him a helping hand. If Walter Bardsley remains a moderate drinker, the church at Zion would condemn his taking the pledge again; and if 'things should grow serious,' and the hereditary drink appetite should overthrow him, then the help of 'Zion' will perhaps be proffered —and perhaps not,—and all these 'king's men' cannot set the fallen one up again! 'Poor fellow: it's all over with him!' That is the way the devil assists Zion to play the fool—that is how he paralyses her strong right hand. Walter Bardsley, now that he has become an erring weakling, is distinctly less likely to recover his footing because he is a member of a Christian church. The best thing he can do in order to spring back to his manly position on the drink question—the best for himself and for others—is to give the Church the go-by, and ask only of the Christ. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Mr. Allamore, the contractor, true social reformer that he was, was bitterly grieved and disappointed at the loss of his 'right hand man.' Of course, the news of Walter Bardsley's sudden declension from the temperance platform, spread through Netherborough in a very short space of time. The various landlords of the liquor shops saw gifts and graces in him that they had never discerned in him before; the usual habitues of the bar-rooms, tap-rooms, and 'parlors' had many an extra glass in honor of so notable an accession from the slender ranks of Netherborough abstainers.

It was well for George Caffer and Phil Lambert that Aaron Brigham had laid his hand on the two roystering boon companions on the very morning of the young man's wedding day. It was well for them, that both men held fast their vow; the painter faithfully toiling at Lily Lodge, the barber true to his motto, 'Never nae mair.'

Most assuredly, the two topers would else have found prompt and sufficient reason for going 'on the spree,' and for taking a full week to do it in.

The rejoicing was general. Walter had come boldly over from the ranks of milk-sops and water-babies; had joined the ranks of the free and independents, like Dr. Medway, of the port wine visage, Lawyer Everett, of the purple features, Ned Oxtoby, the drunken blacksmith, and 'gen'lemen, Chris'un gen'l'men, like Mish'r Nor'od Hayes.'

Probably there was no one in all Netherborough who was more delighted over Walter's change of front than his own brother, his elder brother, Richard. To him it was a matter of downright triumph and satisfaction. How strange this was! How shockingly strange! Dick Bardsley's father had perished miserably, with constitution wrecked and shattered, and with his once strong, active mind reduced to helpless vacuity while yet the years of middle life were barely reached, and certainly not nearly passed.

He was not what is conventionally called a drunkard. He did not roll about the streets; never was so overcome with liquor as to be unable to walk along the High street; but he drank strong waters—rum, mainly, I believe—drank steadily and constantly. He gradually increased the quantity of the dose, gradually increased in times and seasons, until, strange to say, he seemed to live mainly on the thing that was killing him.

At last he succumbed because there was more rum than corpuscles in his vitiated blood. The brain matter in his skull had so decayed that reason ebbed away a great many months before his death. I know where his grave is, and I know how scared I felt when, as an impressionable lad, with some sensitiveness of conscience, and moral training, I read the words, the lying words, that a hypocritical conventional Christianity thought it decent to put upon his gravestone in the Netherborough churchyard—

'To take him hence God thought it best;
We humbly bow to His behest.'

The shameless cant of it was awful to me. 'God thought it best;' and yet he deliberately destroyed himself! He called to the grave of his own accord, and struggled through the mire of low sensuality to get there. And this was 'His behest!' If he had taken prussic acid, the moral sense of the community would have been so shocked as to demand the erasure of the blasphemy; but he only took rum, so Christian consistency was content to hold its breath a moment, and let the awful libel on Almighty goodness and wisdom pass.

Such was the end of Harvey Bardsley; and yet his eldest son finds subject of rejoicing in the fact that the youngest son has suddenly broken the vow of a lifetime; has entered on the perilous course which may lead him to the dreadful goal his father reached—a goal of shame and death! How can such rejoicing be accounted for?

In this way. Richard himself was far on the way his erring father trod. He was himself within the folds of the constrictor that had hugged him to his death, and his brother Walter's total abstinence was a daily condemnation and rebuke. Now, however, Walter's condemnation counts for nothing; he can drink as well as other people, and Richard finds in him no longer a tacit check on his road to ruin, but an excuse for boldly travelling thereon.

'Walter is everybody's favorite. Walter is one of the longest-headed fellows in Netherborough. Walter takes his glass, so why mayn't I?'

One night sweet Jennie Bardsley felt impelled to speak to Dick, in sisterly love and candor, on his besetting sin. He was, as usual, the worse for drink.

'O Dick, Dick!' said she, in wailing tones of pitiful entreaty, 'How can you, how dare you sin so foully against yourself, so wickedly against God?'

'O, bother?' was the characteristic reply. 'One can't always put the stopper on at the right moment. It's a poor heart that never rejoices, and if one does happen to draw bridle a little over late, still I don't want to be any wiser or better than Walter, or Mr. Dunwell, or Norwood Hayes.'

That was her brother Dick's reply; and that reply is either said or thought by thousands who are confirmed in their self-indulgence, and grooved more fixedly on ruin by the example of men and women who are held to be better than themselves.

Father, what about your son? Friend, what about your comrade? Minister, what about the many who look up to you? The sheep who hear and note and follow? If that be the influence you are having on any one in your are of souls, I say it solemnly, it would be better that you should die! You will be asked about Abel, your brother; and if there is blood upon your garment, you must bear the brand upon your brow. 'Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God of my salvation.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

And so it came to pass, as I have said, that Richard Bardsley was exultant, and he and half-a-dozen boon companions hatched an evil plot in the malignant lightness of their hearts.

Mr. Allamore had spoken in strong condemnation and deep regret of Walter Bardsley's act of 'treason' as he called it, to the cause of true philanthropy. Dick Bardsley heard of it, and declared with a curse that he would be revenged on the 'snivelling canter' for what he had said.

(To be Continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

A Wayside Inn.

A shadowing roof, a host benign,
Made me their guest but now.
A golden apple was the sign
On a forthreaching bough.

It was the kindly apple tree
Gave shelter from the heat.
With welcome food it nourished me
And cooling juices sweet.

And through the green courts came and went
Full many a light-winged guest.
They danced, they feasted to content
And sang their happy best.

I found a couch for sweet repose
Under the branches laid.
Mine host encouraged me to doze
And spread a welcome shade.

But when I offered him his due,
He shook his head with, 'Nay!'
'A blessing, gracious friend, on you!
Forever and a day.'
—From the 'German of Uhland.'

Young Men Wanted.

Thirty years ago, a missionary in foreign lands for seventeen years, lying on his death bed, roused himself suddenly and then said, with great emphasis: 'I have a testimony to give and I would better do it now: Tell Christian young men that the responsibility of saving the world rests on them; not on the old men, but on the young men. It is past the time for holding back and waiting for providences. I used to think a missionary ought to husband his strength; but this is a crisis in the world's history, and by keeping back one may keep others back. Reason is profitable to direct, but the man that rushes to duty is faithful. At times, rashness becomes the rule and caution the exception. The church is a military company; an army of conquest, not of occupation.' Young men, forward!—Selected.

Verna's Arbor Party.

(Mildred Norman, in the 'S S. Times.')

Verna's birthday came on Arbor Day, and she was to have a party in the evening. Of course, she invited Myra Maxwell, for Myra was her 'first' friend.

'What are you going to do at your party?' asked Myra.

'Oh! it's a secret, and, if I tell you, you will not have near as much fun,' said Verna.

Myra was not quite sure she did not prefer to be told all about the party.

'Just tell me one thing about it,' she begged.

'Well, then, I am going to plant trees,' said Verna.

'Trees? What kind of trees?'

'That is what you will have to find out.'

'Oh-h-h! I never can wait until Arbor Day,' sighed Myra.

But Arbor Day came at last.

'Mamma hardly knew how to dress me,' said Nellie Drew, 'for Myra said you were going to plant trees; but I begged her to let me wear my blue frock, for I do love blue so well. I must be very careful of it.'

How Verna did laugh!

'My tree-planting will not soil the nicest frock,' she said.

'I don't know how to plant trees,' said little Bettie Millet timidly.

'I am going to do all the planting,' said Verna.

At that, the boys and girls were more mystified than before, and wondered what they would have to do about it.

'What side of the church does the oak-tree stand?' asked Verna.

By the time every one had guessed wrong, and Verna told them, 'The outside, of course,' every one was as merry as could be.

'Now I am going to begin my planting,' said Verna.

She disappeared for a moment, and returned with a pink box in her hand. Out of it she took walnut shells tied with different-colored ribbons.

'I plant a tree here and here and here,' she said, as she passed the walnuts.

'I know trees grow from seeds, but all kinds of trees do not grow from walnut seeds,' said matter-of-fact Jessie King.

'Mine do,' said Verna. 'A different tree will come out of each walnut. Just open them and see.'

So they began, with much laughing and chatting, to open the walnuts. In each was a folded green leaf. Each leaf was labelled. Jessie King's was labelled, 'The tree that might preach.' Minnie Cole's leaf was labelled, 'The tree that is left after a fire.' Jennie Beal's was, 'The tree that ought to be able to hop.'

'Now these trees grow by asking questions,' said Verna, 'and each one of you can ask me six questions. When the trees get their growth, you will see their names.'

'Where?' asked Jessie.

'In your mind.'

'Oh-h-h!' said the boys and girls.

'Why, where is Myra?' asked Verna, missing her friend.

They found her in a corner, studying hard over her tree.

'I am trying to make this tree grow,' she said. 'It's the hardest tree I ever heard of.'

'What is it? what is it?' cried the children.

'What is the sweetest tree of all?' Myra read from her slip so dolefully that there was a chorus of laughter.

'You wouldn't laugh if you had it,' she said. And then she laughed, too, for laughter is catching.

'You can ask me all the questions you please, you know,' said Verna.

'Where does it grow?' asked Myra.

'In England, in California, in Mexico, and in Massachusetts, and right here in this town, and'—

'The more you tell me, the more I don't know,' said Myra. 'In what form does it grow?' ventured Myra.

'Sometimes it creeps, sometimes it climbs, sometimes it has a great trunk, and strong horizontal branches, and sometimes it grows in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes it is a dwarf, sometimes it is a bush.'

'Oh, oh, oh!' cried all the children. 'What a queer tree!'

'Let us guess the other trees, and then help Myra to guess hers,' suggested Bertha Lee.

All the trees were found, and the children united in searching for the sweetest tree of all. But in vain. Then Verna said:

'Come into the dining-room, now, if you please, and we will eat trees for supper.'

'Oh, oh, oh!' cried the children again. And they peeped over each other's shoulder on their way to the dining-room, expecting to see a row of trees ornamenting the table instead of plates.

There was one tree in the centre of the table, with all kinds of fruit on it,—apples, dates, figs, pears, oranges, bananas, and nuts.

'This is the sweetest tree of all!' shouted the children.

But Verna shook her head.

'It is sweeter than that,' she said.

After supper, each one was requested to tell all they knew about their own tree. And this, they thought, was the best part of the game. When it was Myra's turn, they all began guessing again. Verna directed them to form a circle, with Myra in the midst, and she said, softly:

'You; the sweetest of all the trees.'

Myra stood still, looking puzzled for a moment, then she clapped her hands, and shouted:

'Y-e-w, yew!'

When they were bidding their little hostess 'Good-night,' Myra put her arms around Verna's neck, and said:

'It is you that are the sweetest tree of all, and this is the nicest party I ever went to.'

NOTE.—Here are the names and descriptions of some trees that can be used at an arbor party:

The sweetest tree of all (yew).
Tree left after a fire (ash).
The tree that is two (pear).
Historian's tree (date).
Dancing tree (caper).
Tree that grows by the sea (beech).
Natural healer tree (balsam).
Negro tree (black oak).
Tree for winter wear (fir).
Mourner's tree (pine).
Carpenter's tree (plane).
Dandy tree (spruce).
Tree that is an insect (locust).
Part of a glove (palm).
Tree that fastens your clothing (buttonwood).
Barking tree (dogwood).
Name of an author (hawthorn).
Lame tree (hobblebush).
Tree that might preach (elder).
Well-seasoned tree (pepper).
The bewitching tree (witch hazel).
Tree that don't pay its bills (willow—will owe).
Weaver (spindle-tree).
Stone tree (rock maple).
Ball player (pitch pine).
Housecleaner (scrub oak).
Foreign tree (Norway spruce).
Tre tree that is nice to kiss (tulip-tree).

The Sunflower Christian—A Fable.

(The Rev. Benjamin M. Adams, in the 'Christian World.')

There grew last summer, in the back part of my garden, a row of sunflowers, standing five to fifteen feet high, the flowers measuring from six to twelve inches across—a most pleasant sight to see.

One morning, as I had been feeding the chickens, I stopped and said, 'Good morning, Brother Sunflower!' The tallest one, whose head was up among the branches of an apple tree, said, 'Good morning!' with a cheerful tone, and I went on to say: 'I am happy to see you so bright and cheerful after the shower last night. What sort of Christians are you, wide awake so early, and up, when your neighbors, the potatoes, corn, and all the rest are down, unless held up like the polebean family?'

'We belong,' said he, 'to the Independent Order of Sunflower Christians. Have you never heard, sir, that the Creator made everything on earth to praise Him?'

'Yes,' said I.

'Well, sir, that's the business we are attending to, according to our best ability.'

Seeing how fully he was carrying out his idea, I asked: 'How are you higher than some that are larger than you?'

He gave a little bow of his head as he replied: 'I'm only obeying orders, sir. I'd no idea of ever going so high, but our family often grow tall. At any rate, I was told to do it, and this friendly old apple tree encouraged and helped me; so here I am.'

Looking at him, I said: 'You make a brave show, Brother Sunflower, but your colors are very common—green, yellow, and brown; they are not even in the flag of our country you see floating over the mountain yonder. I like you, but don't you think mignonettes and sweet peas are better Christians than you, though not half so showy?'

He was not the least disturbed by my remarks, and answered: 'The mignonettes and sweet peas are very lovely Christians, and show their colors well; but didn't God make yellow, green, and brown, as well as the more delicate shades? I know we are a prominent family, but we don't crowd anybody; the Lord made us as we are. Already an army of bees, wasps, and flies have feasted on our faces, and pretty soon the sparrows and yellow birds will be here, and we shall all give up our lives to supply their wants. We are happy, and most of us now are bowing our heads in grateful praise that God has made and is using us.'

'That's right, brother,' said I; 'I'm sorry I've not stopped and conversed with you before; it seems to me you are quite sensible.'

Brother Sunflower looked down smiling, and said: 'Didn't you plant us for sunflowers and nothing else, and hasn't the Lord made us grow that way? We are doing one thing, and are thankful just to be. We praise God day and night.'

Said I: 'All these dark, damp, hot nights?'

'O, yes!' said he; 'our Maker said, "Let your light shine," and said nothing about putting it out nights.'

Just then a happy little morning wind came along and shook hands with the band; joyful tears dropped from their faces, like those from the old class meeting saints, and I looked up and said, 'Are there any vacancies in your company?'

'Yes,' said he, 'there was a poor little brother down there, who was discouraged because

he wasn't a sweet pea; we stood by him, but he drooped and died. You may take his place if you care to.'

'Thank you, brother,' said I; 'I'll join.'

A Game for Sunday.

Guessing Names.

'I think of a man,' said papa, as the children sat about him in the twilight of the Sabbath eve; 'I think of a man whose name begins with J.'

'Did he lead the children of Israel into Canaan?' asked Ruth.

'No. It was not Joshua.'

'Did he have visions on the Isle of Patmos?' asked Don.

'No. It was not John the Beloved.'

'Did he baptize in the River Jordan?' asked Teddy.

'No. It was not John the Baptist.'

'Did his comrades place their garments under him at the head of the stairs and proclaim him king?' asked mamma.

'No. It was not Jehu.'

'Was he made king at seven years of age?' asked Anna.

'No. It was not Joash.'

'Was he father-in-law to Moses?' asked Ruth.

'No. It was not Jethro.'

'Was he put into a pit where there was mire, but no water?' asked Don.

'Yes. It was Jeremiah,' said papa. 'Now, Don, it is your turn to think.'

'I think of a man,' said Don slowly, 'whose name begins with A.'

'The brother of Simon Peter?' asked Teddy.

'No. It was not Andrew.'

'Was it the friend of God?' asked mamma.

'Who was the friend of God, mamma?' asked Don.

'Abraham was called the Friend of God, because he believed His word.'

'No. It was not Abraham.'

'Was it the first man?' asked Anna.

'No. It was not Adam.'

'Did he die for telling an untruth?' asked papa.

'No. It was not Ananias.'

'Did he take a wedge of gold and a goodly Babylonish garment from Jericho, and hide them under his tent?' asked Ruth.

'Yes. It was Achan,' said Don.—'Children's Hour.'

The Book of Books.

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.

—Whittier.

Twee-Sungie's Grave.

Twee-Sungie's grave is two miles from the walls of Seoul, and deep down in it, buried with him, is the New Testament he so much loved to read and the hymn book from which he so loved to sing. We can almost think of him coming up with his new body on the resurrection morning with those books in his hands, but, of course, they will have gone back to dust; and although the word that Jesus spoke will judge men at that day, it will not be necessary to bring forth this Testament from the grave.

Before I go on, I might say that the Old Testament is not yet translated into Corean, so that the New Testament might very well be called the Bible, as far as the mass of the Corean Christians are concerned.

But to go back to Twee-Sungie. He was a little boy twelve years old. His father's younger brother, Mr. Yang, had been a believer for several years, and although he had earnestly exhorted his elder brother (Twee-Sungie's father) to believe and had prayed for him daily, he continued for some years in heathenism. About a year ago Twee-Sungie's mother decided to be a Christian, and when she came to church she frequently brought her little boy with her.

Twee-Sungie's father, however, was not converted, and, as they were poor people, he felt that he could not give up working on Sunday, and not content with working himself, he insisted on Twee-Sungie's staying at home from church and working with him. The little boy, who had learned to read his Bible and who loved to go to church, was heart-broken, and felt himself a great sinner in breaking the fourth commandment.

Some months ago Twee-Sungie's younger brother died, and then, not long after Twee-Sungie was taken seriously ill. As his strength failed and it seemed likely that he would die, he said, 'If I live on in this world father makes me break God's commandments and I will only add sin to sin in breaking the Sabbath day; so it is better for me to die and go to Jesus.'

Not long before his death he waked one morning and said, 'Last night my little brother came to me in a dream and told me that it was impossible to describe the glory of Heaven and of what it was to live with Jesus, in the language of this world.' At the last, when his parents and some Christian friends were with him, he called on them all to pray, and when they had done so, he said, 'Father, pray.'

Now his father was sitting there with his heart full of evil thoughts. He was saying to himself, 'Here I am ruined through doing his foreign doctrine. I have lost both of my children.' When he heard Twee-Sungie with his last breath calling on him to pray he thought to himself, 'Who knows; perhaps if I pray the boy's life will be spared;' so he bowed and prayed the best he could.

After his death the heathen relatives said to one another, 'It is this book—the reading of it—which makes people do the foreign doctrine, and if we bury it in the grave with the body, Mr. Yang and his wife will give it up and come back to the old ways.'

So they buried Twee-Sungie's Bible with his dear little body, the parents not knowing it. Their plans were vain, for Mr. Yang now feels that 'he must believe in Jesus if he is ever to see Twee-Sungie again.' So he has bought another Bible and hymn book and comes to church on Sunday.—'Bible Society Record.'

On Guard.

How many of you can pass a house or fence with a 'Fresh paint' label on it and not want to put just a finger tip on to see if it is not dry yet? Small Mary in our picture wants very much to try whether the paint is dry, but the artist has left a faithful friend on guard, and knows his sketch will be safe no matter how long he stays away.

Did you ever think that some of us might be put to shame by the obedience and faithfulness of 'only a dog?' Next time Father says, 'finish that grass-cutting before you go off to play,' or mother says, 'just keep an eye on the little ones while I am away,' remember that you are 'On Guard,' and do not be less faithful than this small dog to your trust.

"YOU MAY LOOK, BUT MUST NOT TOUCH MY MASTER'S WORK!"

—'Band of Mercy.'

LESSON.--SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 1907.

Review.

Read Psa. cvi., 1-12.

Golden Text.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. xliii., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 17.—Ps. lxxvii., 1-20.
Tuesday, June 18.—Ps. lxxviii., 1-14.
Wednesday, June 19.—Ps. cv., 16-39.
Thursday, June 20.—Ps. cxxxv., 1-21.
Friday, June 21.—Acts vii., 8-22.
Saturday, June 22.—Acts vii., 23-36.
Sunday, June 23.—Heb. xi., 21-29.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

You can all tell me what a quarter of anything is, can't you? Suppose that we divided the year into four equal parts we would have three months in each, wouldn't we? Well, to-day we are to have the quarterly review; that is, we are to go over the lessons learnt during the past three months. That is not a long time to remember, is it? During these three months we have studied about some very interesting things and people, and I am not going to tell you their names until you have had a chance to guess them. We learnt on the first Sunday in April about a man who ran away from his home because he was afraid of his brother, and on his journey he had a strange dream. Since then we have learnt about other strange dreams; about a young boy who was put in a pit and then sold as a slave; about a wonderful coat; about a family of twelve brothers; about a king in a great and rich country; about a famine that lasted seven years; about some poor slaves and how cruelly they were treated; about a baby, a kind princess, a little boy who lived in a palace, and when he grew to be a man went away and lived as a shepherd; about a bush that was all covered with flames, and yet didn't burn up; and a rod that turned into a serpent, and a great many wonderful things that happened in a far away land; and lastly, about how God led his people safely away from Egypt and through the waters of the Red Sea. That is a list of very interesting things, isn't it? Now let us start at the beginning again. Who can tell me the name of the man who had to run away from his home, and why it was he had to? What were his father's and mother's names, and to whom did he go? What was the strange dream he had, and what did he promise God? (Wait in each case for the answers before going on to the next question). Now, we can't stay long on any one lesson, so we must go on to the next. After Jacob had stayed at his uncle's home and become very rich, did he forget all about his old home and his father? When he started back home, who went with him? Who was he afraid of meeting, and who was it that met him first?

In this way, with such leading questions, it ought to be possible to cover these lessons, full as they are of incident, sufficiently to see that the children remember what they have learnt.

FOR THE SENIORS.

There are a great many ways in which it would be well to take up this review. If it can be arranged beforehand, the scholars may be given various places named in connection with the recent lessons, and told to prepare a three-minutes' paper on events connected with such places. A large map even roughly sketched should be used in such a study and the places taken up in the order in which they occur in the course. Another plan would consider the men and women instead of the places and the scholars come prepared with papers on the different characteristics of each men as Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, etc., and the place in the history of Rebekah, Rachel, Pharaoh's daughter, Miriam, etc. If the teacher thinks his class well grounded on the various events and personalities of the lessons, the three outstanding characters of Jacob, Joseph, and Moses may be considered and a very interesting debate could be arranged on their relative importance, and their various characters. The method that perhaps is most desirable would be to trace God's dealings with men and his way of guiding the different characters with which he dealt. God's over-ruling providence is so wonderfully set forth in these lessons, and his willingness to use and not despise even the poorest character that is surrendered to him, that we can see in them very clearly the unchangeable God, the 'I am,' who more fully revealed himself in the person of his Son. However the study is taken up, do not forget to bring in the beautiful text for the quarter, with its promise, not of exemption from trial, but of God's presence in all our distresses if we will only turn to him. Indeed, even in our doubt and disloyalty, not excelled by that of the Israelites at the Red Sea, we will find that God has been lovingly, forgivingly near.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 23.— Topic—Christ our Saviour. Isa. liii., 1-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS FROM MOSES.

Monday, June 17.—Moses saved as an infant. Ex. ii., 1-10.

Tuesday, June 18.—Prepared in the wilderness. Ex. ii., 15-25.

Wednesday, June 19.—Called as a leader. Ex. iii., 1-10.

Thursday, June 20.—Out of Egypt. Ex. xii., 43-51.

Friday, June 21.—On Mount Pisgah. Num. xxvii., 12-23.

Saturday, June 22.—With Jesus. Matt. xvii., 1-8.

Sunday, June 23.—Topic—Lessons from the Patriarchs. V. Moses. Heb. xi., 23-28.

Helpful Notes.

There will be no attention without interest. The teacher who has attention is the one who knows his class and his lesson so well that the scholars will be interested.

This is the time for the teacher to have a loving watchcare over the young Christians in his class. They need encouragement in the faithful performance of all their Christian duties.—'Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.'

One object of Bible study is to gain a knowledge of the Word of God. This knowledge is to be put into practice in our daily life. It is the duty of the teacher to gather some truth from each lesson that the scholars can practice during the week.

'Twenty-five minutes spent in a workmanlike attempt to master the Scriptural facts of a lesson will often prepare for a greater emotional uplift in the last five minutes than could have come to you if you had spent all the time in saying "Now let us be devotional."' —President W. W. White.

The enemy is always busy sowing tares. He does not stop for a vacation. Wherever he can gain an entrance he is diligent to scatter the seeds of error, envy and vice. It is better to keep the soil of the youthful heart occupied with the seeds of truth, love and virtue than afterwards to attempt to root out the evil.

The use of a map in the class can be made very helpful. Point out places where certain events in the life of our Saviour occurred. Follow Him in His journeys from one country and city to another. Associate some great event with such places as Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Cana, Sychar, Capernaum and the Sea of Galilee. The added interest together with the increased knowledge will be a full reward for all the effort of the teacher. Try it.

Why Counterfeited.

Did you ever see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill?
Yes.
Why was it counterfeited?
Because it was worth counterfeiting.
Was the ten-dollar bill to blame?
No.
Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?
No.
Why not?
Because it is not worth counterfeiting.
Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?
Yes, lots of them.
Why was he counterfeited?
Because he was worth counterfeiting.
Was he to blame for being counterfeited?
No.—'Bethany Tidings.'

How to Win the Boys.

The Rev. Carey Bonner, speaking recently on 'The Boy: How to Win and Keep Him for the Sunday-school,' said teachers should not try to take the boyishness out of the boy. Their effort should be to permeate the boy with Christ, and make him feel that Christ wanted him as he was for His service. Regeneration by Christ did not mean emasculation. They should not attempt to foist an adult experience on the boy. A boy was full of activity. Instead of frowning on him when he indulged in boyish games, he ought to be encouraged. His energy should be enlisted in the service of the school. Learn a boy's hobby and organize it for him. The boy's love of adventure, his disposition towards hero-worship, his natural pugnacity, his chumminess, should all be taken hold of and trained in good ways. Finally, believe in the boy, trust him, enlist him, do not seek to quell and drive him, show him respect.

Have You Ever Tried.

1. To get your pupils to read their Bibles by asking them to read the daily home readings given in the lesson helps? Explain the plan and then take notice of those who have read them.

2. To overcome tardiness by being on time yourself? Be there to welcome your pupils as they come in. Enlist the interest of the parents in the matter. It is worth while.

3. To encourage your class to carry Bibles by the presence and use of your own? Try the plan occasionally, of getting them to look up and read some reference bearing on the lesson. This will suggest a reason for having a Bible in the hands of each one present.—'S. S. Teacher.'

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS and Christian Workers who know the 'Messenger,' believe it to be a powerful influence for good, and are glad to see it win an entrance into other schools. Just at this time, owing to new postal regulations, many Sunday-Schools will be making a change in their paper, and we would respectfully solicit the co-operation of our friends in introducing the 'Messenger' into many other Canadian Schools. A copy shown to a teacher in another Sunday-School, with a word as to its merits and its low price, would be doing a real service to the Sunday-School in question, and would be greatly appreciated by the publishers. Read our 'Special Offer to Sunday-Schools' on last page.

—'S. S. Messenger.'

The Songs You Sing.

"'Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere;
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bud in the tree,
An' the fruit on the stim o' the bough," says he.
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"'

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Little Girl at the Window.

(By Marion Brier, in 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

Hazel had thought a good deal about the little girl at the window. She had such a sober little face and such wistful blue eyes, and she was always sitting at that same second story window in the big tenement that stretched clear up to Hazel's back yard. At least she was there every time Hazel looked, and that had been a good many times those last few days, for some way she could not keep that pale, listless little face out of her mind.

The Camerons had only moved into that part of the city the week before. Until that time they had lived in a flat, so it seemed quite wonderful to Hazel to have a whole house to themselves, and better yet to have a yard—yes, two yards; for there was a front yard and a back yard with the house. She had always wanted a flower-garden, but there had never been a foot of ground with the flats. Now, however, her dream of pansy faces, of bright tulips, of great fragrant bunches of sweet peas was about to be realized. Her mother had told her that she might have two beds in the front yard and plant what she pleased. She could hardly wait for her father to dig the ground, and at first spent nearly all her spare time planning just what flowers she would have and just where she would plant each one. She was a genuine little flower lover and never tired of studying the seed catalogues.

But the last few days her interest had wavered between her flowers and the little girl in the window. Every time Hazel went into the back yard she saw her there, sitting in just the same place, looking listlessly out of the window. She wondered why, and why she looked so sober, and why there never seemed to be any one else in the room, and a great many more 'whys?'

One morning, earlier than usual, she looked up at the window and the little girl was not there. 'It must be she isn't up yet,' she thought. But just then a woman came to the window with the little girl in her arms and put her down very carefully in the chair. It flashed through Hazel's mind why the little girl always stayed in one place and why she was so pale; it must be she was sick. Hazel's eyes grew tender with sympathy, for she had been shut up in the house with the measles the summer before and she knew just how hard it seemed; that is, she thought she knew, but she changed her mind about that a few minutes later.

In a little while the woman came to the window with her hat on, carrying a plate and a cup. She set these on a stand near the chair, kissed the little girl and went away. Hazel knew that she had probably gone to her work and would not be back before night. Her brown eyes were full of sympathy. Poor little girl! It must be hard not only to be sick, but to have to stay alone all day without even a doll or a kitten to keep her company. She remembered how lonesome she used to get, even with her mother there and two kittens, four dolls, a big pile of storybooks and lots of other things.

Just then her mother called her to breakfast. But all day she kept thinking of the little girl and wishing she could do something to make her happy. Several times she looked up at the window. Yes, she was still there and her face looked paler and more sober than ever.

Hazel wished she dared go up to

visit her and carry books and games so she would have something with which to amuse herself during the long days; but Hazel was a shy little girl and could not make up her mind to go. She thought and thought and planned a great many things to do for the little girl; but someway she did not dare carry out any of the plans. If the window had been on the ground floor she felt certain she could have made friends, but she had not courage to go to the big tenement and enquire the way up to her room.

A few mornings afterward when he kissed her good-by her father said, 'Well, Chicken, I'll try to get home early enough to spade up the ground for your garden this afternoon.'

'O, goody!' Hazel danced up and down and clapped her hands. She got out her packages of seeds and planned the garden all out once more just the way she wanted it.

Then she remembered the little girl in the window and wished she could come down and help. Some way it seemed almost selfish to have such a good time when the little girl up there was so lonesome.

By and by she thought of something. Her eyes grew bright and she clapped her hands softly. This time she was sure she had thought of a plan.

Half an hour later her mother was surprised to have Hazel ask if she might have her garden in the back yard.

'Why, child,' her mother said, 'what in the world do you want your garden way back there for? It's much prettier here in the front yard.'

Then the story about the little girl came out. 'And I thought if I made my garden in the back yard, she could watch things grow and see the flowers and maybe it would seem a little bit like having a garden of her own.' Hazel concluded, her eyes as bright as stars.

Her mother readily consented when she knew why Hazel had changed her mind; so the little girl spent the rest of the day replanning her garden.

She kept looking up at the child at the window while her father was spading up the ground that afternoon. She smiled happily to herself when she saw the pale little face pressed close to the window. And when the little girl smiled back Hazel felt as if they were beginning to get acquainted. 'Just think, papa,' she said, 'that's the very first time I ever saw her smile; I don't believe she ever did smile before.'

The next morning Hazel was out bright and early sowing her seeds. But she was not too early for the little girl in the window. 'She looks happier already; doesn't she, Mamma?' Hazel asked eagerly. 'And I know when the plants begin to grow she'll like to watch them. Just think, there hasn't been a thing that was pretty for her to look at.'

Her mother smiled and stroked back the brown curls tenderly. She thought her little girl's sunshiny face would make almost any one happier.

The days went by and Hazel spent a large share of her time working in the garden, and the little girl in the window watched. They always smiled at each other now; but that was all. Hazel's cheeks were growing rosy and brown with the exercise and the fresh air, and the pale little face in the window was losing its listlessness and growing almost happy.

The plants grew finely, and at last one morning there was a blossom. The little girl in the window saw it first. The window was up now and when Hazel came into the yard she was leaning out, breathlessly watching to see what Hazel would do.

What Hazel did was to clap her hands and dance all about the garden. Then she dropped down on her knees and buried her small nose in the heart of the flower. She looked up to see if the other little girl had seen it too. 'O, aren't you glad!' she cried. That was the first time the child had ever spoken.

After that blossoms came thick and fast. Hazel picked a big bunch a few days later. She looked up at the window thoughtfully; then her face brightened. 'You tell your mamma to give you a long string,' she called; 'then to-morrow you can let it down and I'll tie the flowers to it and you can pull them up.'

So every little while a big bunch of flowers went up to the window and was put into a glass of water on the stand. The little girl looked and looked at them and buried her pale face lovingly in their fragrant depths and talked to them, telling them everything that was in her heart, just as if they understood.

One evening in the early fall Hazel went out into the back yard and looked up at the window as usual. Then her eyes grew round with surprise, for the little face up there seemed fairly shining with happiness. 'What do you suppose?' a glad little voice called down; then ran on, too eager to wait for a reply, 'The doctor says I'm going to get well!'

Hazel clapped her hands. 'O, I'm so glad!' she cried.

'And what do you suppose he says cured me?' the eager little voice went on.

Hazel shook her head; she could not guess.

'He says the flowers cured me!' She pressed her cheek lovingly against the big bunch of blossoms beside her.

Just then her mother came to the window and put a work-hardened hand on the fair hair, her face shining with a great happiness. 'Indeed they did cure her, Miss,' she said, smiling down at Hazel. 'The doctor said she was all run down and never would have got well sitting here alone all day with nothing to interest her. He said she would have died before this if it hadn't been for those flowers. But she has got stronger every day since she got interested in them; they seemed to be such company. And now the doctor says she is really going to get well.' There were tears on the mother's thin cheeks, but they were happy tears.

'O, I'm so glad, so glad!' Hazel's own eyes were shining almost as brightly as the two pair of eyes in the window above. She flew into the house to tell her mother all about it. 'O Mamma, you don't know how glad I am I had my flowers in the back yard this summer. Isn't it just lovely!' she concluded, breathlessly.

Correspondence

N., Man.

Dear Editor,—One of my brothers and I are learning verses at Sunday School, and we get a certificate for a hundred verses if we learn them well. Two of my brothers took diplomas for saying two hundred verses.

I have six brothers and three sisters. My oldest sister is married, and my oldest brother is out West on a homestead, but we expect him home soon.

There are fourteen or fifteen going to our school. We have a mile and three-quarters to go. We are getting new seats in this spring.

I am taking music lessons from one of our neighbors now. I have taken about fifteen lessons, and I like it.

EVELYN COUTTS.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Muriel Nichols asks what she can do to keep from being lonely while kept in the house through ill health.

One employment, which many invalids have found interesting, is making scrap books.

They are made in almanacs or similar pamphlets, pictures cut from seed catalogues and pasted at intervals. Make the scrap-books look attractive—poems and stories give interest and usefulness to them. They can be covered with fancy paper or pasteboard. Untearable ones for little children can be made on cotton, pictures alone being used.

These scrap books may be given to poor children, or sent to jails, hospitals, etc., where they are received with much pleasure by those who are even more lonely than the invalids who make the books.

L. D. S.

[This was a mislaid leter, and we hope little Muriel is better by now, but it may be a help to some other little invalid.—Ed.]

B. B., N'll'd.

Dear Editor,—Mamma doesn't take the 'Messengor,' but my auntie does, and I get them from her. I have a little sister, and her name is Amelia. I had a little brother, but God took him to Heaven, with my papa, so now I have no papa or brother on earth, but they both live in Heaven.

I have a pet sheep, and I call her Minnie, I have also two dolls; I have named them Jessie and Edna. My sister has a pet cat, and she calls her Fluffy Bell; she has three dolls, too. I have read a good many books, but I will not name them now, Mamma says my letter is getting too long.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth and Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

LINDA PEARL MILLS (aged 8).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We call our farm 'Maple Brae,' because there are such a number of maple trees on it. Our garden is hedged around by very high spruce. It is a very pretty place in summer. One of my father's friends said it was the prettiest place in the world, but I don't think that is quite right. I can answer Ida Langton's riddle (March 5). The duck had a bill, the lamb had four quarters, and the skunk had a (s)cent, and it was a bad one.

JESSIE H. SIMPSON (aged 12).

[Your riddle has been asked before, Jessie.—Ed.]

P. A., Sask.

Dear Editor,—As P. A. is a city now, there are a great many new buildings and works going up. We have the water works finished now, and the new Post Office is opened, which is a great benefit to the public, as the old office was so small. My father works in one of the saw mills here in the summer, and goes to the woods in the winter, and mother lives alone with us seven children (I am the oldest, eleven years), in a big frame house, which has thirty-eight windows, and forty doors.

We have two cows milking, and a lot of hens. One day last week a big wolf carried off one of our black Spanish hens, and ran off into the woods.

ISABEL McDONALD.

D. L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I do not see any letters from this part of the country, I thought I would write, and send some questions.

1. Which is the longest verse in the book of Matthew?

2. How many kings were there in the Bible?

3. Where is this verse found in the Bible? 'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.'

This part of the country is fairly good for farming, but it is used mainly for ranching.

A few miles north is a great hunting place. Men go for miles around and are sure of deer, sometimes wolves, bears, and small animals.

ALBERTA LEE.

C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years of age, and am in the fourth book. I like to go to school, although I get a whipping very often. We have a small school, but a good teacher.

I have a dog, and six rabbits; two old ones and four young ones. My dog is very fond of chasing sticks, and playing with the rabbits. He is eight months old.

I will end with a riddle: A woman had six children; she went down street and bought six apples. When she was coming home she lost one, and had five apples to divide evenly among her six children. How did she do it?

CHARLEY HUME.

C. B., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of seven years. My eldest brother is dead, and I am the next eldest. We live in the village of C. B., and they have put up a nice large schoolhouse nicely elevated on a hill, that we can have the pleasure of sliding down in the winter time.

JAMES ELVEY BEACH.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of the 'Messenger' ever since I could read, and we all like it very much. I am a little boy ten years old, and am in the Fourth Reader, and enjoy going to school very much. I have three pets; two pretty cats, and a little black dog called Dixie, of which I am very fond. We have lots of fun in S. In summer we bathe in the beautiful river St. Clair, and in the winter skate on the bay. We can also watch the big boats going up and down the river all summer. I am going to send a riddle for the boys and girls to answer. When does a pig become landed property?

HAROLD R. TELFER.

[Your other riddle has been already asked, Harold.—Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Peaches.' Mina May Cameron, L. E. R., N.S.
2. 'Our School House.'—— (aged 10), Aultsville, Ont.
3. 'A House.' Angus L. McDonald (aged 11), S., N.S.
4. 'Tom-tit.' Lizzie Chapman (aged 9), C., N.B.
5. 'A Ship.' Bertram A. Ogilvie (aged 11), L. R., N.S.
6. 'A Girl.' E. K., F. H., N.S.
7. 'Our Church.' Lillis E. Adams (aged 8), B.V., N.S.
8. 'Three Crosses.' Mildred Wright (aged 11), H., Ont.
9. 'A Clock.' Bessie Nichol (aged 11), H., Ont.
10. 'A Salo.' Mildred Oliver (aged 11), R., Que.
11. 'Our School,' Lawrence Wylie, G.
12. 'A Little Boy and a Frog.' Vera G. Goreham (aged 8), L. W. H., N.S.
13. 'Off to the Market.' Elva McCombie, L. T., N.S.
14. 'Buttercup.' May Paterson (aged 11), K., Ont.
15. 'Maple Leaf.' Burton McDonald (aged 10), H.C., N.S.
16. 'A House.' Gilbert Count (aged 8), W., Man.
17. 'The Old Gardener.' F. R. Burford (aged 8), C. P., Ont.
18. 'Wash-day.' E. Donaldson, P., Ont.
19. 'A Horse.' Roy Blake (aged 12), P., H., B.C.
20. 'Burchell's Zebra.' Jim Hutcheson, P. A., Sask.
21. 'Mug.' —— (aged 10), Orangeville, Ont

OTHER LETTERS.

Willie Oliver, R., Que., says that one of their turkeys has thirteen little ones. How ever did they dare to come out this cold spring?

Lela S. Acorn, M. V., P. E. I., has a little terrier that comes up to her bedroom every morning. There were three riddles enclosed in this letter, but only one is new to this page: What word of three syllables suggests a time to dance? Lela enjoyed Evelyn Swordfage's letter very much. We are sorry to disappoint you, Lela, but we cannot give addresses.

Maude Swim, C. H., N.S., belongs to two bands, the Mission Band, and the Band of Hope. Your riddle has been asked before, Maude, in a slightly different form.

Wallace Casson, G. R., Man., has his own Aunt Nelly for a teacher. 'I like to play baseball and read books,' he says. What a number of boys will think that queer, eh?

Annie Rose, K. F., Que., sends two riddles: 1. Why is a dressmaker not likely to lose her hooks? 2. Why may a beggar wear a very short coat?

Bessie Shaven, M., Ont., is 'a little girl seven years old. My papa and mama live in Kingston, but I am staying at my grandpa's on the farm.' In search of rosy cheks, Bessie? Your riddle has been given before.

Clara Bigney, W., N.S., says her sister has been collecting for the Chinese Famine Fund. We are very glad to see our correspondents taking a part in this.

Inga Lund, N.S., Alta., is the eldest of five sisters. She says: 'We moved here from S. Dakota in 1903, and like it in the summer time, but this winter it has been very cold.'

Leola Smith, Q., N.S., sends a riddle, but did not enclose any answer.

We have also received little letters from Grace Logan, W., Man., and Sheldon Brubacher, B., Ont.

New Version of an Old Rhyme.

We are indebted to an Irish contemporary for the following new version of an old rhyme:

Jack Sprat was very fat,
His wife was very lean;
And no a bone for pussy-cat
Was ever to be seen.

Jack Sprat had got no hat,
His wife had got no money;
And not a single little Sprat
Had ever tasted honey.

But Jack Sprat soon altered that,
And gave up being beery;
Then Mrs. Sprat got well and fat,
And looked so bright and cheery.

Then Jack sat with Mrs. Sprat
Within their pew on Sunday;
And little feet went pit-a pat
To school upon the Monday.

Alcohol Reveals the Beast in Man.

A German scientist has written a book on alcohol, in which he sets forth the novel claim that intoxication brings out the real characters of men, and hence is an excellent thing. A London paper in reviewing the work, says:

The very fact that alcohol has the effect of arousing the natural impulses, as opposed to those habits engendered by business training, is an argument of the author's in favor of its use; he recognizes it as a good thing that men should occasionally see one another as they are, unencumbered by the armor of business and social conventions. Alcohol makes all unmask at the proper hour in the carnival of life.

Does alcohol bring out the real character? Rather does it not send the real character into eclipse and stimulate the lower and more bestial impulses? Is a man balancing himself unsteadily upon the pavement, or lying stupefied in the gutter, exhibiting his natural proclivities? Is it necessary for him to paralyze his reason in order that he may reveal his normal self? Must he rob himself of all except a maudlin sentimentalism, or a brute savagery, for the purpose of showing himself as he is? Does not such a supposition imply that the virtues are artificial while the vices are inherent? If the drunken man is the real man, is not the reverse true; that the sober man is a counterfeit? To just what depths of absurdity does this sort of reasoning lead us?

What of the kindly husband and father who under the influence of drink goes home and beats his wife and children? What of the successful business man who goes into protracted debauchery and squanders his all, leaving those dependent on him to starve? What of the youth of sunny nature and high ambition who drinks himself into melancholia and commits suicide? What of the one of gentle demeanor who crazes himself by alcohol and kills his best friend? Which is the true character of these typical men, and which the false?

Take the case chronicled in New York papers of eighteen-year-old Patrick McAvoy, who went on a debauch of twenty-four hours, then, just for practice, shot several times at a veterinary surgeon, spread terror through the streets, went home to find his father walking the floor with the baby, sent a bullet crashing through his shoulder, and wound up the night by resisting the officers till he himself was fatally wounded. Ordinarily this attempted parricide was a worthy, hard-working lad. Which was his real nature?

What is character? Is it not most truly seen when at its best? Is it not the result of training, of civilization, of development, of infinite culture? Is the thing that strikes down all the finer, saner, better part of this product of toil, sacrifice, and evolution the only thing that truly reveals it? Would it not be as sensible to say that a city is revealed only by the catastrophe that overwhelms it, or a nation by the famine that lays it low?

The German scientist, for the sake of creating a sensation or making a phrase, has sacrificed common sense and truth. He has used his learning to advance not the better but the worst cause. He should learn wisdom from the victims of drink themselves. In their hearts they do not believe such fustian. They do not defend alcohol. For the most part, they frankly admit it a curse.—New York 'American.'

Prohibition Helps People.

Lady Henry Somerset states the fact that in one district in Liverpool, in which there are no saloons, there is but one pauper in every thousand inhabitants. In another district, in which there are two hundred saloons, there is one pauper to every twenty-eight inhabitants.

It is likely that investigation would disclose similar conditions in the wards and precincts of all cities.

The Kansas 'City Journal' says that prohibition has materially decreased the number of saloons in that state; that a large proportion of offenders against the law have been convicted, and that the principle of prohibition is growing stronger.'

'There is not a pauper in Finney county, Kansas. Logan county spent only ten dollars in a month for the poor.'

'Ohio has three dollars per head in banks; Maine has sixty-two dollars per head.'

'Kansas, with prohibition and 100,000 more population than Texas has but one penitentiary and 996 prisoners. Texas, with saloons and 100,000 less people than Kansas, has two penitentiaries and 3,000 convicts.'

'Judge Benson, of Kansas, has but two liquor cases before him in a month.'

'Ottawa, Kansas, with 8,000 people, has but one day marshal, and one night watchman. Pullman, Illinois, a prohibition town of 11,000 people, has but two constables.'

'In the interior of the state of Kansas, in all the rural parts, and a few of the larger cities and towns, the prohibitory law is effective in absolutely suppressing the open sale of liquor, and in reducing surreptitious sales to a minimum. In interior cities, such as Ottawa, Marion, Hutchinson, Topeka, etc., the prohibitory law is, according to the testimony of its friends, and the admissions of its enemies, as thoroughly enforced and as well observed as any other law of the state.'

'The city of Topeka has a population of 40,000, and is the state capital as well as important railway point. But Topeka has no saloons. It has no bar-room. It has no public nor private recognized facilities for carrying on the liquor traffic.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Religious Notes.

The German East Africa Missionary Society is preparing to enter Digoland, between Tanga and Usambara, in German East Africa. Digoland, though situated quite close to the coast, has remained untouched by missionaries hitherto. Now, however, Mohammedanism is threatening to bring its missionary workers among its heathen inhabitants, and the East Africa Missionary Society is almost forced to prevent this by sending the heralds of the Gospel into the land.

After some months of ill-health in England, Bishop Tucker has returned to his field in East Africa. 'It is difficult to believe that less than seventeen years have passed away since his consecration and starting off the same day to lead up his fated party through German territory in 1890, and to find the country unsettled and the church consisting of only some 200 souls. Now over 60,000 baptized Christians of many tribes and nations look to him as their bishop and friend, and the first effort that awaits his return is to complete a constitution for the church. He told the committee how encouraging to himself had been some informal synods that he had already held, how intelligently the Baganda Christians had grasped the import of the problems discussed, and how admirably they had borne themselves throughout the sessions.'—'C. M. S. Review.'

Some of the Christians in Uganda are very faithful in pleading with others to give up their sins. One man, named Matayo, was giving way to drink. His Christian friends reminded him of his wound in the war. 'You have a big wound in your soul, caused by drunkenness. Give up drink, or assuredly the wound will get worse and kill you eternally.' Matayo replied: 'Why can't you leave me alone?' Mika Sematimba answered, 'When you were shot, did we not pick you up and carry you home? Did you then think we hated you? You are shot now, and we want to carry you home. Do you remember when we were carrying you, how you said, "Let me walk; your carrying makes the wound hurt me?" We didn't let you walk. We knew you could not walk, but that you would faint on the road; and now we know you can not keep sober, and we want to help you. You say, "Leave me alone," but we won't leave you alone. We know you will get worse if we do.' —'Christian Herald.'

The annual report of the Utah Gospel Mission, of Cleveland, Ohio, shows that 4,500 miles by waggon in Utah and Idaho were covered by the missionaries during 1906.

This Society exists to carry on the urgent work of acquainting the Mormon people scattered throughout Utah and Idaho, with the Gospel. For the prosecution of the work three large Gospel waggons, with two or three missionary workers in each, cover the whole of this territory—a region three times as large as the State of Ohio. The workers converse with the people and hold meetings in the villages wherever an opening can be found. During the year 11,689 calls were made in 170 settlements, containing 65,000 people. The meetings held numbered 223, and 16,000 persons attended. Of the 65,000 among whom these missionaries worked, probably not one in fifty came under any other Christian influence. Since 1901, some 448 settlements have been visited, and in less than 100 of them is there any local Christian service, and even to these the Mormons do not go. The workers serve without salary, and the expenses of the work are met by donations from all parts of the country.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: W. H., Oakland, $10.00; Elsie Taylor, Keene, Ont., 10c.; Total .. .. $ 10.10

Received for the cots: Bernice L. Robertson, Drayton, Ont., $5.50; J. F. Logan, Bayview, $1.00; John Ross, Denton, Montana, $5.00; A Friend, N. Woburn, Mass., $4.00; Mary E. Pearson, Menickville, $5.00; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Millar, Brighton, Ont., $5.00; A Friend, Montreal, $1.00; Total .. .. $ 26.00

Received for the Komatik: Rennie and Leslie Wightman, Belgrave, Ont., $1.00; Sunday School Class, Bethel Church, Kingston, $1.00; Total.. .. .. $ 2.00

Previously, acknowledged for the launch..	$415.87
Previously acknowledged for the cots	30.25
Previously acknowledged for the Komatik....	36.30
Total received up to May 28 ..	$520.52

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

HOUSEHOLD.

Butter Made in an Ice Cream Freezer.

Women sometimes get some good ideas. I don't say that patronizingly. I simply raise my hat and make the statement. Here is an idea that occurred to my wife last summer, and one that proved itself a great success. We had just moved out from the city to a three-acre piece of land, and, like most 'town farmers,' we wanted to make our three acres give us everything, says a writer in the 'National Magazine.' One of the first things we intended to be independent about was our butter. We had bought a good Jersey, and she was giving us nearly three gallons a day, so we had lots of cream, but hadn't bought a churn.

Said my wife:

'What's the matter with the ice cream freezer?'

I said I had never heard of butter being made in that utensil. She said that didn't matter; she didn't see why it shouldn't be, so we poured two quarts of nice, rich cream into the freezer and turned the crank. Well, to cut a long story short, the cream became butter—at last, but it was a long trip—nearly two hours.

The fact that the butter did 'come,' however, set me thinking, and now—well, now I wouldn't swap my big ice cream freezer as a butter producer for the best churn on earth. With it I will undertake to bring butter any day in fifteen minutes; that is, if I take care of the cream up to the time of churning. This is my plan:

I churn twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays. If the weather is cool, I keep on the side of the stove a big two-gallon crock. Into this I pour all the cream that we don't use and allow it to sour. If the weather is hot I allow it to sour away from the stove. On churning days I take my big freezer and empty the contents of the crock into it. In the place where the ice is generally packed, I pour a couple of quarts of very cold water right from the well. Some days when it is very hot I chop off a bit of ice and throw that into the water; but in cool or cold weather I have no trouble. Then I simply turn the crank and in anywhere from ten to fifteen minutes I get butter—and fine butter, too.—'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.

Selected Recipes.

PLAIN CREAM PIE.—Beat one-quarter cup of butter with one-half cup of sugar until light and creamy. Add one well beaten egg, one-half cup of milk and one cup of pastry flour sifted with two level teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in two round pans and spread a cream filling between.

LEMON COOKIES.—Take two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, the juice of one lemon, and the grated rind, three eggs well beaten. After all the ingredients are thoroughly beaten add a scant teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a cup of milk. Use enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out and cut into hearts and diamonds. Bake a light brown.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Soak two ounces (half a box) of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water until soft; then pour over it one cupful of boiling water and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Add half a cupful of sugar, and flavor or not as desired. Strain into a deep bowl, and as soon as it begins to harden, whip with a wire egg beater until it is frothy all the way through. Then add one pint of strawberries that have been chopped rather fine, covered with pulverized sugar for an hour, and drained from the liquid. Beat gently till well mixed; pour into moulds that have been wet in cold water, and set in a refrigerator to harden. Serve very cold with whipped cream.

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Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye by the thorny crown
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

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